Or Else

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Or Else

by sourweather

Summary

Hannibal has his priorities in order

...until he gets a text from Will in the middle of the night, asking him to come over.

Notes

this was inspired by two tweets by athecai and Sahti_Waari on Twitter! Thanks for your amazing ideas <3<3<3

Among his many, many other talents, Hannibal is actually a rather adept juggler.

A neat little trick he'd learned as a child, something to amuse Mischa or earn lukewarm praises from his parents. It comes up quite rarely, these days, but he had been known to juggle the odd knife or ingredient, when he was cooking with an audience. Or killing with one.

Most people laugh when they learn this little tidbit about Hannibal, before immediately saying that upon reviewal it isn't at all surprising. They cite his talent for multitasking, usually. Saying that of course, a man with so many balls in the air at any given time must be skilled at catching them.

Indeed, Hannibal is accustomed to having many things in motion, all commanding his attention. Even so, he's beginning to think he's stretched himself a bit... thin, as of late.

Alana Bloom is sleeping in his bedroom upstairs. She's sedated, for the moment, but he's still prepared for something to go wrong. Abigail is in his property near the shore, likely sleeping as well. Dead to the world, save for Hannibal. Jack Crawford appears to have finally opened his eyes, at least by a fraction, and has taken to sniffing through his affairs. Most pressing of all, Will has seen it fit to resume his therapy. It's wonderful, having Will in his life again, but Hannibal still hasn't managed to make heads or tails of the man's intentions. It all hangs quite heavily on his mind, bringing him as near to stress as he ever lets himself come, and he'd longed for some simple relief.

Maybe that had been a poor decision.

It's reckless, indulging in a kill with scrutiny coming from every direction, but he couldn't seem to resist. The call to slaughter is too sweet to ignore. In a time where so many external factors may decide Hannibal's fate, it feels so good to take someone's fate into his own hands.

He opens his fresh prey's abdominal cavity, silently observing his options like a housewife at the market. The woman laid bare beneath him screams behind her gag, thrashing against the table's restraints. She won't bleed out for a while, he's sure of that. Long enough for him to take his time, to enjoy this.

He expertly removes her liver, eyes slipping closed as he tests its weight in his hand.

God, he needed this.

His phone buzzes, then, trapped inside the pocket of his trousers. Ordinarily he would ignore it until everything was finished, but he isn't at liberty to do so tonight. It could be Abigail, after all, or God forbid Alana asking after his whereabouts.

He sets the liver aside, plucking the glove from one hand and unzipping his Kill Suit to fish for the device.

"Terribly sorry," he says to his pig, who appears to be slipping into shock. "I'm normally more professional than this, I assure you."

He's surprised by what greets him when he checks the message. And Hannibal is never surprised.

At least, not by anyone but Him.

Will: [Come over.]

Hannibal lifts a brow. Will scarcely texted him *before* his visit to the BSHCI. Lately, he'd been offering near total silence.

It's well after two o'clock in the morning. He can think of no reason why Will would need to speak with him at this hour, and in person no less. A foolish part of him doesn't care. Trap or not, attempt on his life or not, he wants to say yes. Wants to drive down to Wolf Trap, if only to see what will happen next.

Ah, but it wouldn't do to leave any sort of trail. He's meant to be asleep with Alana right now. What was the point of having an alibi, if it could be so easily refuted?

Still, his hand seems unwilling to put the phone back into his pocket. To leave the message unanswered.

Well, perhaps he simply... awoke, when Will texted. Still in bed with Alana, just awake, briefly.

Hannibal: [It's late, Will.]

He sighs, finally setting it aside and returning to his task. "Do you ever wish you could be in multiple places at once?" he asks of the near-catatonic body before him. A dark smile quirks at his lips as he moves to extract her kidney. "Well, I suppose you will be, quite soon."

Not two minutes later, his phone buzzes again. Twice. Hannibal is always pleased to hear from Will, but he really isn't in the mood to argue tonight. He takes a deep breath, soothed somewhat by the scent of blood and despair on the air, and reaches for his phone.

Two messages. A text, and a video attachment.

Hannibal's mouth turns dry. His favorite scalpel falls to the floor with a clatter, sending spots of blood over the concrete. He doesn't pay it any mind. He can't, his eyes are fixed onto his phone screen.

The thumbnail image of the video is enough to make his heart set to pounding. Will's face isn't in view, but he more than makes up for that.

He's lying in bed. His pale grey T-Shirt is pushed up high, enough that Hannibal has a clear view of Will's perked nipples. Hannibal licks his lips, eyes trailing down Will's body and luxuriating in the pale, unmarked flesh of his torso.

His boxers are still on, tugged down just enough to reveal his cut, flushed cock. There's a bead of precome at the head, begging to be licked away by Hannibal's tongue. He's hard, he's long, he's perfect.

Trembling with blind need, Hannibal presses the play button.

Will's low moan sends heat rushing to Hannibal's cock, pushes an answering growl from his throat. Will's strong hand strokes his own length— slow, tight, irresistible. He spreads the precome over the head of his cock, making it shine in the low light of Will's home. Will gasps, pumps his cock a bit faster. Hannibal has never wanted to be anywhere as badly as he wants to be between Will's spread thighs. Far too soon, Will lets go, his cock falling against his stomach with a quiet, wet slap. With a final soft groan, the video ends.

Hannibal's pupils are blown, staring at his screen. His fingers itch to replay the video. Again, again, again. His cock strains against his trousers, aching for the man on his phone screen.

Nearly panting with desire, his eyes dart to the message that had accompanied the video.

Will: [Now.]

Hannibal bites his lip. This is, almost undoubtedly, a trap. He is going to arrive at Will's home, and Will is going to strangle him before Hannibal can even take his coat off. After all Will has never expressed any sort of sexual interest in him, beyond the odd flirtatious remark. It seems far too good to be true— this sudden, enticing demand for Hannibal to—

To...

He restarts the video. Listens to Will's moans, palms at his own cock. God, but he'd give anything to fuck that boy senseless. He wants Will's ankles round his shoulders, Will's neck between his teeth, Will's moans in his ear. If it *isn't* a trap, then Hannibal would never forgive himself for letting the opportunity pass by.

A soft gurgle catches Hannibal's attention before he can replay. His victim, her head lulled to the side as she stares helplessly up at him. Her eyes are glazed, pleading, reproachful.

Hannibal tries, tries, to be rational. He can't leave, not now. He has organs to harvest, a body to dispose of, evidence to clean. He has meat to store away before it spoils and an unconscious woman in his bed. He might be weak for Will Graham, but he is *not* stupid. The reason Hannibal is able to multitask so well, the secret to his success, is that his priorities are unfailingly in order.

His phone buzzes again.

Will: [I'm not asking, Hannibal. Get your ass down here. Or else.]

A shiver runs down his spine. He loves it when Will shows his crueler side. A wicked part of him wants to test what 'or else', might entail— if he'll be punished for leaving Will wanting, and how painful, how pleasurable that punishment might be— but the risk of such a thing outweighs the temptation.

Hannibal may be a good juggler, but even the most skilled performers must fumble, from time to time.

He sighs, casting a final dejected look toward his victim's unspoiled liver. Ah, so it goes.

He responds to Will with one hand, the other tugging his way out of his Kill Suit.

Hannibal: [Very well, I am on my way.]

It will be a massive annoyance to clean out the basement later, but he finds himself unable to care about that when he settles into his car and receives another message from the man who's ensnared him.

Will: [Good Boy <3]

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